

Wichita Daily Eagle

POOR JOHN RUSKIN.

The Famous Critic Not Expected to Live Many Days.

It will be sad news to many to hear that John Ruskin, the celebrated writer on art, has gone mad. The breaking down of this great mind has not been sudden; on the contrary, the brain has been diseased for some time, and at intervals Ruskin has been temporarily insane. These intervals of insanity have been getting more frequent, and this last giving way of his brain will prove, it is feared, final and permanent. Almost from childhood Ruskin has been physically weak, but his extraordinary mental energy has kept his body under control. Fighting fiercely and continuously the inherent weakness of his constitution, he has accomplished an amount of literary work in the past fifty years which would have killed many a man of far stronger physique. John Ruskin, says the Illustrated American, has long been considered the most eloquent and original of all



JOHN RUSKIN.

writers upon art and a strenuous preacher of righteousness. He was born in London on February 8, 1818. He was an only child; his father was an Edinburgh man, but he settled in London. He was educated in his father's house, first in London and afterwards at Denmark Hill, till he went, as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, to Oxford. There he gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry by a poem on "Salsette and Elephantine" in 1839, and took his degree in 1843. He studied painting under Copley, Fielding and Harding; but his masters in the art were, he says, Rubens and Rembrandt.

Ruskin is or was primarily a critic of art; but, as the titles of his works indicate, his teaching has extended over a wide area. Art for him is closely and inseparably bound up with truth, with morals, with religion; and in most departments of political philosophy, in social and political economy, Ruskin has been constant, in season and out of season, in lifting up his testimony against what he conceived to be low views, perverted ideals, coarse and vulgar complacencies. Like Carlyle, whose pupil he professes to be, he holds the world in those latter days to have gone on a wrong tack; in his views of nature and life he is, he says, "alone in the midst of a modern crowd which rejects them all," and has to "maintain himself against the contradiction of every one of his best friends." Within the sphere of art criticism he declares that an important part of his life-work has been to teach "the supremacy of five great painters, despised till he spoke of them—Turner, Titoret, Luni, Botticelli, and Caraccio."

MRS. O'LEARY'S COW.

One of Her Horns Has Been Turned Into a Jewel Case.

A strange relic has reached the American Exchange hotel at San Francisco and has attracted a great deal of attention. It is the horn of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, the celebrated bovine of Chicago that, in 1871, kicked over the now historic oil lamp. H. C. Atkinson, who owns the relic, gave \$5 for it right after the fire. The relic sold for \$120. Mrs. O'Leary's cow didn't have a very big



HORN OF MRS. O'LEARY'S COW.

horn according to this. What became of the other? Nobody knows. This one was beautifully fashioned by Mr. Atkinson's brother into the form of a fish. A niche had been cut into the edges of the open end, and eyes of glass inserted on the sides, while ivory fins decorated it in the proper places. It is lined on the inside with red plush, and thus with its mouth on a bias and its curved tail it looks for all the world like a trout or a salmon as it jumps out of the water. A hook is in its gill, and a ribbon on the hook, so that all complete, while a fish, it is a handsome jewel case. This is the use to which the horn of Mrs. O'Leary's cow has come at last. With the strange relic is the following:

"I wouldn't take \$500 for it," said Mr. Atkinson to an Examiner reporter. "I have had many offers for it, but won't sell it at all. I am going to keep it and hand it down as a heirloom in my family." Mr. Atkinson is superintendent of the Donaldson Manufacturing company, Louisville, Ky., and is with his family to remain some time in California.

Queen English Lunatic. An English lunatic believes she is an envelope containing a letter, and with this idea she fixes a penny stamp on her forehead and imagines that she goes through the post to visit her relatives. The next day she sticks on another stamp for the return journey. A male patient is convinced that he is a bad half-crown, and, being a very conscientious man, he makes imaginary rounds to various tradesmen, warning them not to take him in payment for any article if his wife should attempt to pass him at the counter.

When Italy was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a man, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Thoughts on the All Important Question of Easter Attire.

First the Bonnet and All Its Appurtenances—The Gown for This Occasion—Something About Costly Bodices That Will Freshen Old Costumes.

[Copyright, 1893.]

It is too bad that Easter comes so early this year. We can scarcely feel bright and fresh and blooming and wear the gay springy air that so properly accompanies this festive season, when only a short time before the snow fell and the wind blew keenly in our faces. We have not yet had time to accustom ourselves to the thought of soft, balmy breezes, bright sunshine, clean, beautiful streets, gay throngs of women clad in fresh, spotless attire, and flowers springing up all over in token of a changed season. We have held up our dresses so long to protect them from the awful mud which splashed from below and the teeming rains and blinding snows that fell from above, that our arms have not yet lost the weary feeling that has arisen therefrom. We have kept our mantles, our rubbers, our umbrellas, our stormy weather skirts and all the other precautions against inclement weather in a prominent place for so long a time that it will be strange to see in their stead a beautiful new gown, a dainty Easter bonnet, a spick and span parasol, a pair of lovely, pale-colored gloves and all the other things so dear to the heart of women in springtime, so befitting the fresh garb which nature also wears. But we shall be far ahead of nature this year. That young damsel has not yet clothed herself in her new garments, and she seems loath to prepare herself for them. Whereas we poor mortals have not her independence and must perform, willy-nilly, don our smart attire at the appointed time.

So begin to get ready, fair maid; and let me give you a few words of advice before you begin. Make your bonnet a go-between, not too decidedly springy, nor yet not a particle wintry. To accomplish this you must procure one of those dainty, new straws, all fancifully twisted and worn so that they scarcely look like straw. Get a very small one, and it will be all the more appropriate. Or better yet, get a tiny shape, cover it with a jeweled crown and a fancy



TWO EASTER GOWNS.

straw edge. The straw must always be of the genuine straw color, that bright shade, so like sunshine. The jeweled crowns are very beautiful, some of them made all of pearls, row after row, large pearls and small pearls, running out like the spokes of a wheel, but more closely; some of them are gold bars and emeralds, others are rhine stones and gold. Jeweled bugs and flies will also be quite a feature of the coming hat. Some flies have immense wings and would need a large hat to hold them. These are brilliantly colored and produce most gorgeous effects. Even the aigrettes have taken a new form; for they now arise from feathers that have been drawn into a soft roll, instead of curling as before, and no ends are visible. One little gem of a hat that will come sunnily forth on Easter day is made of yellow gauze, and has fine pearl ornaments standing in front, dotted here and there with a rhine stone to catch the sun's rays. It is a hat, not a bonnet, but exceedingly small and lovely.

Another one that could not possibly be resisted is made of particularly fine, open straw, so fine and open that the pale blue silk lining shows between the strands. It has graceful gold ornaments in front and three beautiful blue plumes. Such a pretty combination, is it not? All the trimmings on hats seem to have come round to the front. There is no use of talking; you must actually have a considerable slant to your dress. In other words, your breaths must all be cut very narrow at the waist line and be allowed full swing at the feet. At the back, in particular, great fullness is disposed in plaits, so that the dress may have ample opportunity to flare. The prettiest spring gown I have yet seen is a lavender-colored wool bengaline. The skirt folds itself aloof from its wearer most daintily, particularly at the back, and is plain except for three narrow embroidered bands at the bottom, put on rather far apart, as decreed. The bodice has an empire effect, which is relieved at the neck, however, by

gathered silk made in a point. This is the way it goes: At the neck, the gathers, forming yoke and part of the sides. These are cut right up the middle by a sharp point of embroidery which separates the folds above from the folds beneath. The lower folds form a wide belt and the belt is edged by narrow embroidery. The sleeves are exceedingly large leg-of-muttons, over which a pretty lace ruffle falls, even to the elbow.

The accordion plait lends itself most charmingly to the new modes; for it can be made to occupy as much space as one will, upon occasions, and can also be drawn modestly together so that one would scarcely suspect its amplitude. A pretty hallootrope spring gown is so made, with plain side bodices between the accordion-plaited back and front. At the back of the dress there is another one of those inverted point effects, where the accordion runs up into a plain back, and usurps nearly all the space that the plain material intended to occupy. A rolling belt of silk goes round the waist and two short bits of violet crepe stop at the shoulder seam, never getting so far as the back. The two puffs on each sleeve are also plaited, but the cuffs are plain.

The new coat, if the signs of the times speak truly, will not be so long as the winter one. It will be a rather short three-quarter, or possibly even a trifle shorter than that. The ones that have already come out have fancy fronts, many open all the way down so as to show the front to advantage, and others are caught together at the waist. A maiden that walked the streets a day or two ago wore one of these selfsame coats, and the front was full of light material. The coat had broad, fanciful velvet revers. Her gown was a very attractive one, also, with a pretty design embroidered all over, and a fancy band in a wheel pattern above a broad black velvet band at the feet. She held up her dress carefully, for the streets were not inviting, and a fresh white petticoat beneath was a pleasure to look upon, after the bedraggled silk petticoats one sees these days. How she kept it so spotless was a marvel, considering that it was of a goodly length; but she managed it, and was repaid for her care by eliciting numerous comments upon her neatness from passersby.

But you are permitted this spring to wear a perfectly plain, tight-fitting coat, if you so desire, that is relieved

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PARSON LEE.
Story of a Second Adventist and His Flock of Shinnecocks.

There was a time when many of the Shinnecocks shared in the occupations of the white people, and acquired themselves with great credit. I allude to the whaling period in Southampton history. The Shinnecock at sea, whether pure blood or half-breed, made an exact sailor. The discipline of the fore-castle was good for him, at least so long as he was aloft. Many of them got to be mates, and one became a captain. This distinguished sailor-man was not a pure-bred Indian, but was part Negro, and had a small though potential quality of white blood. This was Capt. Lee; and any one down towards Southampton or Sag Harbor can tell of his giant stature and immense strength. This Capt. Lee was the son of a still more famous man—Parson Lee.

Parson Lee was a mulatto, who ran away from Virginia, and made his way to Connecticut. He always said that he had belonged to the famous Lee family of Virginia, and that in a certain sense he still had a connection with it. At any rate, he was a man of parts and energy. In Connecticut he became a Second Adventist, and as such was licensed to preach. So he became Parson Lee. Crossing over the sound, he went as a missionary among the Shinnecocks. He married a squaw, and converted the whole tribe to his belief. It may be said right here that the Shinnecocks have frequently changed their church. As to just when they became Christians I know not, but it was so long ago that even the oldest among them now remember the celebration of no Indian rites whatever. They were Presbyterians when Parson Lee changed them into Second Adventists. Since his death they have been Congregationalists, and now they are Presbyterians again. During Parson Lee's life, one of the Ascension days arrived. He got the faithful together on a sand hill to wait for the summons to a better world. They were all dressed in white ascension robes. All day long they waited for the summons. Towards evening some of them grew weary and fell to sleep. Among these was the parson. When night had fallen, some of the irreverent youngsters from Southampton set the dry grass on fire, and in a little while, with crackle and smoke, the fire was creeping toward the white-robed and sleeping Shinnecocks. The smoke and heat awoke the sleepers, and among them Parson Lee. The parson jumped to his feet, and beholding the encircling fire, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Here we are! Here we are! And just as I expected, in the middle of hell!"

I can not seriously set this down as a well authenticated historical fact, but it has become a tradition in Southampton. Mr. J. Pierson, the president of the bank here and member of the state

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legitimate from Suffolk county, doubts the story very much. But most of the people in the neighborhood of Southampton swear by its accuracy. Several of Capt. Lee's sons and Parson Lee's grandsons were pointed out to me—John Gilmer Speed, Harper's Weekly.

THE TRAPDOOR PLANT.

It Supports Itself by Capturing and Digesting Minute Animals.

The Utricularia grows in the lakes on the sandhills, and not less than two species of this genus keep company with the pitcher plant in its boggy home. These plants have become so thoroughly accustomed to support themselves by capturing and digesting minute animals that, except in their very earliest stages, they are able to dispense altogether with roots and to live floating near the surface of the water. The leaves of these plants are finely and frequently divided, and the numerous and fiber-like branchings are set with many minute bladders, more or less globular in shape. These bladders are not completely closed. On their under side they are furnished with a tiny trapdoor, opening easily from without, but not from within. By this trapdoor minute crustaceans and other creatures enter the bladder, never to return. Once they are entrapped, there is no escape. The valve closes tightly over the entrance, and the prisoner soon dies by consuming the oxygen out of the very limited amount of water which the bladder contains.

It is not very clear what tempts the prey to enter the bladder. Possibly there is some special contrivance for the purpose, though not yet observed; but it seems as if mere curiosity, which often runs men and women into danger, has exactly the same effect with these tiny animalcules. The trap-door is surrounded by a number of fine bristles, probably to keep off larger creatures which might injure the bladder by attempting to enter. Whether or not the plant has actually the power of digesting the insects it contrives to capture is still a moot point. It may, like the Drosera, secrete some acid digestive fluid, but this is not certain. The captured animalcules, however, in the course of time decompose, when the juices of their tiny bodies are gradually absorbed by the walls of the bladder and go to nourish the plant.—Good Words.

The Bee's Sting Easy.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that, after all, the most important functions of the bee's sting is not its stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches

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on their artistic cell work by the de-

terious use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honey-making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to the honey its peculiar flavor, and also imparts to its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bees take off and caps the cells when they are full of honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.—Horticultural Times.

"Do you study grammar?" asked a strange lady of a little boy as she met on the train. "No'm," he replied, "his's dead."

HUMOROUS.

"It's a wonder there is not more confusion in drug-stores than one sees." "Why?" "So many things are mixed there!"
—Literary Visitor—"Willie, you know who the autocrat of the breakfast table is?" Willie—"Yes, sir; it's our hired girl?"—Vogue.

"Dixon—"There goes a girl that is given to moods." Scott—"Jerusalem!" and I had been thinking of proposing to her myself."—Inter-Ocean.

"John, John! The house is on fire. Ring for the fire engine." "I guess not! We're insured against fire but not against firemen. Let her burn."—Jury.

"First Traveler—"I once saw a diver who stayed half an hour under the water." Second Ditto—"That is nothing at all; I saw one who never came up again."—Eulenspiegel.

"Primus—"Why does Boswell wear that monocle?" Secundus—"Oh, there's an English girl up town who is the apple of his eye, and he's trying to cultivate her under glass."—Kate Field's Washington.

"Did Mr. Cusack seem annoyed at your calling with his bill?" asked Mr. Gaskett of his new collector. "No, sir," replied the young man. "On the contrary, he asked me to call again."—Harper's Bazar.

"Reggy—"I hear there is to be a dreadful row in society." Cholly—"Yes, Miss Colman is about to sue Miss Montebuxington for alienating the affections of her pet pug dog."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

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